

A. W. AUNER, SONG PUBLISHER & PRINTER,
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FASTER YOU PLUCK THEM

- T H E -

THICKER THEY GROW.

Oh! when will my countrymen learn to be sensible?
When will they learn to themselves to be true?
Knowing full well that in war they're invincible,
Doing what no other nation can do.
Honor and glory illumines the pages,
Of Irishmen's prowess and Irishmen's pride,
But unity's wanting as in the old days,
When the Danish invaders they drowned in the tide.

CHORUS.

Then, boys, pull together, in sunshine and shower,
We'll soon let the world and our Saxon foes know,
That the Irish are just like the wild creeping flower,
The faster you pluck them the thicker they grow.

Oh, remember the glories of Ireland a nation,
When proudly erect with her face to the world,
Her sons filled the courts of the earth in high station,
And the banner of green to the breeze was unfurled.
No treachery then to the cause that was holy,
No breaking the bonds of our brotherly laws,
But traitors have risen, and Ireland is lowly,
There are men who are false to the famous old cause.
Then, boys, pull together, &c.

For ages we've suffered in gloom and in sorrow,
For ages we've struggled midst bloodshed and tears,
But at last the bright morning of freedom is dawning,
In all her proud beauty the sunburst appears.
Parnell who is fighting for the freedom of Ireland,
He cannot be bribed and knows not the word fear;
And our country at large will, God grant be united,
And Ireland once more a proud nation appear.
Then, boys, pull together, &c.

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